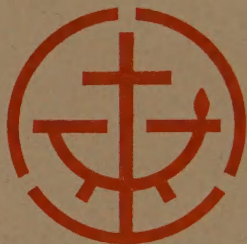


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LATIN TRANSLATIONS
OF
ENGLISH HYMNS.



Βότρυν καὶ ἄσταχυν λαγόνες ἐκφέρουσι γῆς, καὶ τρέφουσιν
ὄμβρων ἐπιρροαί, καὶ γηπόνων θεραπεύουσι χεῖρες· ὕμνον δὲ
ἱερὸν τίκτει μὲν εὐλάβεια ψυχῆς, τρέφει δὲ συνειδὸς ἀγαθὸν,
δέχεται δὲ εἰς τὰ ταμιεῖα τῶν οὐρανῶν ὁ Θεός.

(*Sancti Chrysostomi Hom. cum Presbyter
fuit ordinatus.*)

8

LATIN TRANSLATIONS
OF
ENGLISH HYMNS.

BY CHARLES BUCHANAN PEARSON, M.A.

PREBENDARY OF SARUM, AND RECTOR OF KNEBWORTH.



LONDON:
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1862.

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HUGONI PEARSON,

VICARIO DE SONNING,

HOC OPUSCULUM

D. D. D.

FRATER FRATRI, AMICUS AMICO,

C. B. P.



PREFACE.

THERE is a singular melody in the Vulgate version of the Holy Bible, which is assuredly not due to its classic purity of diction, but which, nevertheless, is peculiarly grateful to the ear, and readily imprinted on the memory.

The same charm pervades the rhythmic Latin Hymns; a circumstance which has in modern times led to their being very often reprinted, and extensively translated into English.

The author ventures to hope that this attempt to render into similar Latin forms a few English hymns, designedly drawn from various sources, may prove to some of his

brother Churchmen a not wholly unacceptable auxiliary to their private meditations : and also that, if it should chance to meet the eye of foreign readers, it may lead them to desire a better acquaintance with the stores of English Hymnology ; which—although, as might be expected, it reflects in many instances peculiar and exceptionable views of religious truth—will be found, when taken broadly as a whole, to be quite as nearly in harmony with the mind of the Primitive Church, both in dogmatic phraseology and devotional spirit, as the hymns of the Roman Breviary, or the abounding compositions of the same nature in use amongst foreign Protestant communities.

Knebworth Rectory,

July, 1862.



HYMNI.





MORNING HYMN.



WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last ;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.



HYMNUS MATUTINUS.



ATUTINA vocat hora,
Anima, te arrigas,
Expergiscere absque morâ,
Deo fer primitias.

Tempus nocte jam disjectâ
Redime tu perditum,
Ne te operâ infectâ
Occupet Judicium.

Rectè conscia fervetur
Mens, velut meridies ;
Corda Deus intuetur,
Secretosque tramites.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend ;

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform like you my Maker's will ;
O may I never more do ill !

Glory to Thee Who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

I would not wake nor rise again,
E'n Heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Surge jam affociare
Choreis cœlestibus,
Promptis Deum celebrare
Vocibus pernoctibus.

Vestram vigil pietatem
Æmulor, o Angeli,
Degam ficut vos ætatem
Laudes inter Domini.

Mihi ficut vobis Deus
Præfens det lætitiâ,
Ejus animus fit meus
Abnuens malitiâ.

Tibi laus Qui me servâsti
Dum nox claudit oculos ;
Cum ex morte me vocâsti
Vivam inter Angelos.

Nollem me resuscitari,
Cœlos parvi facerem ;
Te nî possim contemplari,
Te nî hymnis celebrem.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;
O never then from me depart ;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, y' angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN.

Ades Tu? fedes beatas
Jam adire videor;
Abes? inter exfulatas
Animas dejicior.

Supplex adsum; Tu delicta,
Roris instar, discute;
Munda animam ac dicta
In cor meum deflue.

Vocem fræna, rege gressus,
Dirige sententiam;
Tibi feram indefessus,
Tibi soli gloriam.

Fontem, Domine, bonorum
Laudet Te gens hominum;
Laudet chorus Angelorum
Patrem, Filium, Spiritum.

EVENING HYMN.



GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last Day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

HYMNUS VESPERTINUS.

IBI nocte jam provectâ
 Laudes ago, Domine ;
 Pennâ Tuâ superjectâ
 Me, Rex regum, protege.

Dona veniam poscenti
 Meruit quòd Filius ;
 Mihi pacem dormienti
 Tecum da propitius.

Vivam ut non sepeliri
 Sed cubare videar ;
 Felix jussus exoriri
 Judicem intuear.

In Te tenebris objectis
 Placidè obdormiam ;
 Tibi viribus reſectis
 Promptius inferviam.

When in the night I sleepless lie
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep ! of sense me to deprive,
I am but half my days alive ;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

You, my best Guardian, whilst I sleep,
Close to my bed your vigils keep ;
Divine Love into me instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, y' angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN.

Immo discam contemplari
Infomnis cœlestia ;
Ne me finas agitari,
Mala fuga fomnia.

Vitæ heu fomno gravati
Perdimus dimidium ;
Flemus diu hebetati,
Domine, exfilium !

Pro me vigil recumbente
Angelus custodiat ;
Caritate protegente
Inimicus fugiat.

Fontem, Domine, bonorum
Laudet Te gens hominum ;
Laudet chorus Angelorum
Patrem, Filium, Spiritum.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.


LORD, now my sleep does me forsake
 The sole possession of me take ;
 Let no vain fancy me illude,
 No one impure desire intrude.

Blest angels, whilst we silent lie,
 Your Hallelujahs sing on high,
 You, ever watchful, near the throne,
 Prostrate adore the Three in One.

I, now awake, do with you join
 To praise our God in hymns divine ;
 With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
 And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
 Lord, to Thy arms I will entrust ;
 O, make me Thy peculiar care,
 Some heavenly mansion me prepare.

HYMNUS NOCTURNUS.

EUS meus vigilantem
 Tu me totum impleas ;
 Nocturnos pellas pavores,
 Fœdum quicquid arceas.

Angeli, dum nos filemus,
 Alleluia tollite ;
 Hymnos Domino beato
 Ante thronum pfallite.

Conjugar ego choreis
 Vestris nunc hymnifonus ;
 Nocte mundo valedicto,
 Mox futurus socius.

Animam carne solutam
 Tuis credam brachiis ;
 Me, O Domine, recepta
 Sacris in refugiis.

Give me a place at Thy faints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat ;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

O, may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Glory to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;
An immense ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

Blest Jesu ! Thou, on Heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of Thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Juxta sanctos ordinatus
Sedem imam teneam ;
Voce vix debiliori
Minor ipse concinam.

Semper lampade accensâ
Fac arrectus maneam ;
Cœlum lætus intueri
Sponsi vocem audiam.

Tibi laus luce amictô,
Cui lux habitaculum ;
Lux ex Tuâ Deitate
Fluit in perpetuum.

Pie Jesu ! Tu egisti
Totam noctem precibus ;
Ego debilis fatigor
Lassis cito viribus.

Da mî lumen, da mî vitam,
Ignem cordi subjice ;
O fegnitiem opacam
Luce vivâ discute.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, y' angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN.




Occupet ne me tentator,
Me tuere, Domine ;
Abige curas inanes,
Somni sordes elue.

Fontem, Domine, bonorum
Laudet Te gens hominum ;
Laudet chorus Angelorum
Patrem, Filium, Spiritum.



ADVENT.

 O! He comes in clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd finners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train;
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion
 Still His dazzling Body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation

ADVENTUS.

NUBE vectus en descendit
 Olim cruce Qui pependit,
 Sancti mille coruscantes

Stipant circum triumphantes ;

Alleluia !

Rex in terras advenit.

Omnes oculi videbunt

Majestatem et pavebunt ;

Quem spernebant et vendebant

Crucifixum transfigebant,

Ululantes

Agnoscent attoniti.

Manifesta passionis

Signa gerit et agonis ;

Pro queis gratias sanctorum

To His ransom'd worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air !

Hallelujah !
See the Son of God appear !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for thine own :

O come quickly !
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

OLIVERS.



Dabunt cœtus redemptorum
Contemplantes
Sæcla per innumera.

Exoptatum Salutare
Pompam jubet apparare,
Sancti diu exfulantes
Surgunt Eum gratulantes ;
Alleluia !
Adest Dei Filius !

Immo Te omnes adorent,
Exaltatum Te honorent ;
Propriam Tu majestatem
Sume, Rex, et potestatem ;
Alleluia !
Veni, veni, Domine !



ADVENT.



OME, Thou long expected Jesus !
 Born to set Thy people free,
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
 Blest desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart !

Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy promised Kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious Throne !

MADAN.

ADVENTUS.

VENI, Jesu expectate,
 Liberator plebis nate,
 Eximi nos pravitate,
 Da nobis auxilium.

Israel robur et solamen,
 Spes Tu cunctis et tutamen,
 Animabus es lætamen,
 Mundi desiderium.

Plebi genitus Salvator,
 Puer, sed et Imperator,
 Destinatum gubernator
 Regnum præsens accipe.

Flecte Spiritu favente
 Mentis nostras impellente ;
 Merito sufficiente
 Nos ad cœlum evehe.

CHRISTMAS.



ARK, the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !

Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' Incarnate Deity ;
 Pleas'd as man with man to dwell,
 Jesus our Immanuel !

NATIVITAS.



NGELI concionantes
 Cantant Deo gloriam,
 Terris pacem nunciantes,
 Homini clementiam.

Gentes vosmet triumphantes
 Addite cœlestibus,
 Christum natum celebrantes
 Bethlehem in præsepibus.

Christus summis adoratus,
 Deus ab initio,
 Diu prodit expectatus
 Virginis ex utero.

Corpore jam obumbratus
 Homo homines visitas,
 Ave Deus incarnatus,
 Nobiscum Divinitas !

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that men no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

PRAYER BOOK.




Ave Princeps Pacis unus,
Ave Sol Justitiæ,
Lucis vitæ, ferens munus,
Medicus malitiæ !

Natus ne nos moriamur
Ponis mitis radios,
Terræ, quando renascamur,
Beaturus filios.



CHRISTMAS.


 HILE shepherds watch'd their
 flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,)
 “ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

“ To you, in David’s town, this day
 Is born of David’s line
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;—
 And this shall be the sign :

NATIVITAS.



UM pastores recumbentes

Pecora custodientes

Humi noctu vigilant ;

Cœlis angelus descendens

Circum gloriâ resplendens,

Dum mirantes inhiant,

“ Ne vos,” inquit, “ timeatis ; ”

(Quippe tremor perturbatis

Irrepebat cordibus ;)

“ Evangelii cœlestis

Adsum nuncius ac testis,

Vobis et hominibus.

‘ Davidis ex stirpe satum

Davidis in urbe natum

Christum vobis indico ;

“ The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear’d a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address’d their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.”

PRAYER BOOK.



En Salvator redemitus
Fasciis jacet sopitus
Obscuro in stabulo.”

Angelus est sic effatus ;
At extemplo glomeratus
Cœtus est cœlicolum ;
Laudes Deo celebrantes,
Ita pæan triumphantes
Concinunt insolitum ;

“ Gloria Deo deferatur,
Et in terris pax reddatur,
Generique hominum
Bona voluntas tributa
Sit, nec unquam diminuta
Nunc et in perpetuum.”



CHRISTMAS.



SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
 Gave to our world below ;
 To mortal want and labour born,
 And more than mortal woe !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief
 By each temptation tried,
 Who lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died !

If gaily clothed, and proudly fed,
 In dangerous wealth we dwell,
 Remind us of Thy manger bed,
 And lowly cottage cell !

NATIVITAS.



O SALVATOR mundi nate,

Hâc beatâ die date,

Paupertatem experturus

Ac incommoda laturus,

Mala non mortalia.

Verbum Dei Incarnatum,

Dolis, luctu, pertentatum ;

Ægris medicus vixisti,

Redempturus periisti

Peccatores miseros.

Si quâ dapes oneratae,

Vestres arte laboratae,

Nos alliciant et aurum,

Fac præsepium Tuorum

Ne simus immemores.

If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh, may the Spirit whisper near—
How poor a lot was Thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free !
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee !

BISHOP HEBER.



Invida si mens tumescat,
Si egena ingravescat,
Tuæ sim humilitatis
Tuæ memor paupertatis,
Sancto doctus Spiritu.

Dum fit vita prorogata
Longe abige peccata ;
Tu nobiscum lacrymâsti,
Gaudio cum remeâsti
Fac nos Tecum perfrui.



EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons
 of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend
 us thine aid !

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His Head with the beast of the
 stall ;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine ;
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forests and gold from the
 mine ?

EPIPHANIA.



PTIMA diluculi Stella quæ nitefcis,
 Tenebras illumina, opem dona fessis,
 Oriente genita lucem exoramus,
 Te duce Infantulum Christum adeamus.

Super cunas gelida micat gutta roris,
 Cubat cum pecudibus Caput Redemptoris,
 Venerantur Angeli fomno recumbentem
 Conditorem, Dominum, Salutem-gerentem.

Quænam ergò munera cernui feremus?
 Eois odoribus cultum tribuemus?
 Gemmas Garamantides, maris margaritas,
 Myrrham ex nemoribus, aureasve gazas?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.


BISHOP HEBER.



Nequicquam divitias amplas prodigemus,
Nequicquam muneribus Illum accedemus;
Puro cultu cordium Christus honoratur,
Potius pauperibus Deus exoratur.



THE PASSION.

HEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were ■ present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

PASSIO.


MIRAM conspiciens obstupeo Crucem
 In quâ cœlicolum Rex animam dedit;
 Mundi divitias rejicio libens
 Conculcoque superbiam.

Ne quid, Christe, mihi sit preciosius,
 Quam Crux illa Tuo sanguine nobilis;
 Si cor vana meum gaudia diligat
 Hæc Tu fume piacula.

Sacras ecce Manus, et Caput, et Pedes,
 Aspergunt Domini vulnera sanguine;
 Nunquam tot miseras novit amor vices,
 Tot spinas diademata.


Orbis si steterim singulus arbiter,
 Vilis dona darem nil nisi vilia;
 Tam divinus amor, tam nova caritas,
 Sensus cordaque postulat.

THE PASSION.


 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 By the eye so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb;
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
 Son of man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the sun at noon-day pale,
 Shivering rocks and rending veil;
 By earth which trembles at His doom;
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb;
 By Eden, promised ere He died
 To the felon at His side;

PASSIO.

 RABI vincte execratæ,
 Quis es, languens, cruentate ?
 Oculos per obfuscatos,
 Artus sanie fœdatos,
 Caput spinis coronatum,
 Latus hastâ perforatum ;
 Per linguam siti arentem,
 Per frontem letho madentem,
 Te agnosco manifestum
 Hominis Te Filium !

Trabi vincte execrandæ,
 Quis es Tu, o formidande ?
 Lumen solis per amissum,
 Saxa rupta, velum scissum,
 Orbem per intremiscentem,
 Tumulum sanctos reddentem,
 Per furi inopinatum
 Paradisum impetratum,

Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,—
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them who slew,—
“ Lord, they know not what they do ! ”
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the faints before His Throne,
By the rain-bow round His Brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

DEAN MILMAN.

Adoramus manifestum
Sontes Dei Filium !

Trabi vincte Tu perosæ,
Quis es, pallens, dolorose ?
Quòd extremis exclamabas,
Vitam cruciatus dabas,
Corpus quòd invenit torum
Intrà cellas mortuorum ;
Pii quòd Te ploraverunt
Ubi ossa quieverunt ;
Confitemur crucifixum
Hominis Te Filium !

Trabi vincte execrandæ,
Quis es Tu, o formidande ?
Per preces miserescentes,
“ Ignoscantur inscientes,”
Per sepulcrum spoliatum,
Per dæmonem triumphatum,
Agmina per redemptarum
Circa Thronum animarum ;
Per hæc nobis venerandus
Pates Dei Filius !

PRAISES OF THE CROSS.

WE sing the song of Him Who died,
 Of Him Who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
 In shining letters, God is love ;
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up,
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

LAUDES CRUCIS.

LAUDES Christi celebramus
 In patibulo mortui ;
 Crucem lucro apponamus
 Quæ fit mundo nihili.

Fontem Dominum amoris
 Crux coruscans indicat ;
 Culpas gerens peccatoris
 Veniam Crux prædicat.

Crux languentes consolatur,
 Aufert nostra crimina,
 Misera fors hâc levatur,
 Fella fiunt suavia.

Cruce debilis fit fortis,
 Pavens fit impavidus,
 Adimit Crux metum mortis
 Lux est morientibus.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The finners' refuge here below,
The angels' theme in Heaven above.

KELLY.



Stirps amoris Crux, levamen
Tristibus, spes miseris,
Peccatoribus tutamen,
Angelis mirabilis.




LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
 O, by all Thy pain and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from Thy Throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power ;
 Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;

LITANIA.

UANDO pulvere jacentes
 Coram Te genuflectentes,
 Oculos, Jesu, madentes
 Vix ad cœlos vertimus,
 Per quos olim cruciatus
 Passus es hic incarnatus
 Nobis, o, propitiatus,
 Annue precantibus !

Per infantiam inermem,
 Vitam Tuam indigentem,
 Jejunio tabescentem
 Aviis recessibus,
 Impetum per tentatoris
 Mysticis concessum horis,
 Oculos Tui favoris
 Desige precantibus !

Per sacrum Tuum singulum
 Super Lazarum sepultum ;

By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold ;
From Thy feat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of whelming fear,
By Thine agony and prayer,
By the Cross, the Nail, the Thorn,
Piercing Spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom which veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O, from earth to Heaven restored
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany !

Mentis Tuæ per tumultum
Solymis ruentibus.
Per mœstam vocem monstrantem
Traditorem latitantem,
Gregem Tuam inquinantem,
Annue precantibus !

Oravisti quòd afflictus
In agone derelictus,
Purpurâ quòd es amictus
Spinis coronantibus ;
Per quos nôsti cruciatus
Hostia pro nobis datus,
O Jesu propitiatus,
Annue precantibus !

Per vim gemitûs lethalem,
Per speluncam sepulcralem
Saxum Deum immortalem
Cohibere nescium ;
O Qui cœlos revivisti,
Inque Thronum ascendisti,
Votis quæ non vetuisti
Annue precantium !

EASTER.



CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !”
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens ! and earth reply !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids Him rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise !

Lives again our glorious King !
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once He died, our souls to save,—
 Where's thy victory, O grave ?

PASCHA.



ESURREXIT Christus verè !”

Angeli nuntiavere,

Clamant terræ filii ;

Sursum, cœli, triumphate,

Redde cum alacritate,

Terra, vocem gaudii.

Frustrà saxum allocatur,

Sigillis frustrà firmatur ;

Frustrà miles imminet ;

Infernales portas stravit,

Paradisum referavit

Christus, nec mors prohibet.

Summe Rex, en rediisti,

Aculeum perdidisti,

O mors, Christo subdita !

Semel passus est nostrarum

Pro salute animarum,—

Cedat Orcus spolia !

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies !



Eadem nos hîc viventes
Regem inclytum sequentes
 Scandimus fastigia ;
Ex Illo vitam habemus,
Cum Illo mox resurgemus ;
 Nostra Crux, Mors, Gloria !



ASCENSION.



AIL the day that sees Him rise,
 Glorious to His native skies !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Enters now the highest heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits ;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ;
 Take the King of glory in.

Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives !
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
 Though returning to His Throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His Hands above !
 See, He shows the prints of Love !
 Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His Church below !

ASCENSIO.



ALVE fausta dies ! quâ proprias
domos

Rex sublime petens scandit in æthera,
Cœli Christus init summa palatia,
Hîc non amplius incola.

Insignis glomerat pompa satellites ;
Vectes æthereæ tollite januæ !
Gestit mortis ovans rumpere vincula ;
Victori pateant fores !

En cœli Dominum suscipiunt suum !
At terræ rediens diligit incolas ;
Assumens folium sceptraque regia
Humano generi favet.

Sanctas ecce manus erigit eminus,
Ostenditque Crucis stigmata dexterâ ;
Audin' ! discipulis despiciens suis
Dignatur benedicere !

Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee beyond the skies !


MADAN.



At visu, Domine, abscondite terreo,
Da nostris propius scandere cordibus ;
O fac nos decoris participes Tui
Cœli cœruleâ in domo.



WHITSUNDAY.

PIRIT of Truth, on this Thy day
 To Thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality !

We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone ;
 But long Thy praises to proclaim
 With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
 Is found on earth no more ;
 Enough for us to trace Thy will
 In Scripture's sacred lore.

PENTECOSTE.



PIRITUS o Veritatis

Hâc die benignitatis

Nobis fer auxilium ;

Da nobis iter securum

Ærumnarum trans obscurum

Pelagum mortalium !

At non bifidas precamur

Linguas, nos non æmulamur

Loquelas multifonas ;

Cupimus Te celebrare

Tuis laudibus aptare

Nosttras linguas consonas.

Veterum non prophetarum

Poscimus decus præclarum

Negatum hominibus ;

Quo Te rite adeamus

Sufficit quòd ediscamus

Scriptis revelantibus.

When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love.


BP. HEBER.



Fari lingua recusabit,
Ars, scientia cessabit,
Ibit mundi dignitas ;
At præfidium piorum
Semper maneant tuorum
Fides, Spes, et Caritas.



“ Come unto Me, all that travail and are heavy laden,
and I will refresh you.”

ESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !

“ Venite ad Me, omnes qui laboratis et onerati estis,
et Ego reficiam vos.”



OMNIPOTENS AMATOR animarum
Jesu Christe perditarum,
Pontus dum exagitatur,
Dum procella minitatur,
Nobis da profugium.

In Te, mundi Salutare,
Ne me vetes latitare,
Donec fluctibus sopitis
Ac erroribus oblitis
In portum deveniam.

Tu nî protegas inermis
Clamo precibus diurnis,
Animam ne delabentem
Deferas de Te pendentem,
Spes sis et solatium.

All my trust in Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind !

Just and holy is Thy Name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

Tu fiduciam trementi
 Opem das Tu metuenti,
 Super caput indefensum
 Tuæ proferas extensum
 Pennæ propugnaculum.

Inopi Tu ministrare,
 Pauperem locupletare,
 Cassis, fessis adjuvare,
 Cæcos, debiles, sanare,
 Pie Jesu, sufficis.

Nomen Tuum adorandum !
 Mihi væ ! quid est sperandum ?
 Tu es veritatis plenus,
 Vilis ego sum, egenus,
 Et peccati pelagus.

Gratiam habes infinitam,
 Veniam donas nec invitam,
 Fac mî, serua, corda pura,
 Me abundè mundatura
 Effundantur flumina.

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

CHARLES WESLEY.



Aquam vitæ exporrectam
Hauream de Te indefectam ;
Meis perennis intimis
Ebulliens præcordiis
Fons sis immortaliter !



“ He is Lord of all.”



ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name !

Ye angels, prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all !

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from His altar call ;

Exalt the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown Him Lord of all !

Let every kindred, every tribe,

Throughout this earthly ball,

To Him all majesty ascribe,

And crown Him Lord of all !

O, that with yonder sacred throng,

We at His Feet may fall,

Join in the universal song,

And crown Him Lord of all !

PERRONET.

“ Hic est omnium Dominus.”



VE Jesu ! grande Nomen !

Adorate, Angeli !

Diademate præcinctum

Regi confitemini !

Martyres vos sub altari

Deum veneramini,

Jessidem efferte prolem,

Regi confitemini !

Gentes, tribus universi,

Usque congregamini !

Majestatem collaudantes,

Regi confitemini !

Prosternamur nosmet ipsi

Cum hoc choro cernuo,

Regem nostrum coronantes

Carmine perpetuo !

“Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save
His people from their sins.”



OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,

And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,

And calms the troubled breast ;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,

My Shield and Hiding-place ;

My never-failing Treasury, fill'd

With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,

My Prophet, Priest, and King ;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,

Accept the praise I bring.

“Vocabis Nomen Ejus Jesum ; Ipse enim saluum faciet
populum Suum a peccatis eorum.”

JESUS, Nomen quam dilectum !
Suave fidis auribus !
Luctus mulcet, metus fugat,
Opem fert doloribus.

Sanat mentes fauciatas,
Pacem reddit anxiis,
Mannam dat esurienti,
Requiemque miseris.

Dulce Nomen, Rupes tuta,
Clypeus, Profugium,
Fons es mihi inexhausta
Theaurorum divitum !

Jesu mi ! Pastor, Amice,
Rex, Propheta, Pontifex,
Rector, Vita, Via, Meta,
Tibi laus sit multiplex.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death !

JOHN NEWTON.



Etſi debile cor meum,
Torpet etſi ſpiritus,
Te cum, qualis es, videbo,
Colam abundantius.

Tuum interim amorem
Vox caduca celebret;
Nomen Tuum moribundam
Animam refrigeret!



“ A Name, Which is above every name.”

JESUS ! Name of wondrous love !
 Name all other names above !
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

Jefus ! Name decreed of old ;
 To the maiden mother told,
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,
 By the Angel Gabriel.

Jefus ! Name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth ;
 For the promise that it gave—
 “ Jefus fhall His people fave ! ”

Jefus ! Name of mercy mild
 Given to the Holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 Firft He tasted here below.

“ Nomen, Quod est super omne nomen.”

JESU ! Nomen admirandum !
 Super cuncta exaltandum !
 Nomen semper adorandum
 Inclinatoris genibus !

Jesu ! Nomen prædicatum ;
 Virgini prænunciatum
 Quando detulit mandatum
 Missus cœlis Angelus.

Jesu ! Nomen pretiosum,
 Propter pignus gratiosum,
 Populum flagitiosum
 Quia salvum faciet.

Jesu ! Nomen consecratum,
 Puero Infanti datum
 Hauriebat cum oblatum
 Poculum miseriæ.

Jefus ! only Name that's given,
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to fin enslaved,
Burfts his fetters, and is faved.

Jefus ! Name of wondrous love,
Human Name of God above ;
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee !




Jesu ! infra cœlum latum
Nomen unicum donatum
Per quod genus sceleratum
Carcere dimittitur.

Jesu ! Nomen quod tutatur
Nos, ac miseros solatur ;
Nomen per quod collaudatur
Homo Deus angelis !



“ Trust in the Lord, for with Him there is mercy, and
plenteous redemption.”

ORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesús, hear and save !

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesús, hear and save !

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesús, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft by angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesús, hear and save !

“Speret Israel in Domino ; quia apud Dominum misericordia, et copiosa apud Eum redemptio.”



LEMENS hominum Regnator,
Vitæ luminisque Dator,
Mundi sempiternæ Sator,
Jesu, audi, salva nos !

Te, cum mors est introlata
Univerſa ob peccata,
Virgo peperit ſacrata ;
Jesu, audi, ſalva nos !

Dèus omnia creâſti,
Homo improbos amâſti,
Vincla, probra, tolerâſti ;
Jesu, audi, ſalva nos !

Naçte ſolium cœlorum,
Penniſ ſcandens angelorum,
Rex ſupreme dominorum,
Jesu, audi, ſalva nos !

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jefus, hear and fave !

BP. HEBER.



Terris cito rediture,
Pro Te cunctos citature,
Nunc, et tunc judicature,
Jesu, audi, salva nos !



“ We love Him, because He first loved us.”

FULL of mercy, full of love,
 Look upon us from above ;
 Thou who taught'st the blind man's
 fight

To entertain a double light,
 Thine and the day's (and that Thine too) ;
 The lame away his crutches threw ;
 The parched crust of leprosy
 Return'd again to infancy ;
 The dumb amazed was to hear
 His own unchain'd tongue strike his ear ;
 Thy powerful mercy did e'en chase
 The devil from his usurp'd place,
 Where Thou Thyself shouldst be, not he ;
 O let Thy love our pattern be ;
 Let Thy mercy teach one brother
 To forgive and love another ;

“ Nos ergo diligamus Deum, quoniam Deus prior
dilexit nos.”

JESU pie, nos dignare
 Tuâ gratiâ beare !
 Tu, quando cœcum tangebās
 Binam lucem referebas,
 Oculis lumen diurnum,
 Cordi Spiritum internum ;
 Claudus, baculis rejectis,
 Lussit viribus resectis ;
 Leprosus, a Te mundatus,
 Velut infans est renatus ;
 Mutus miratur tacentem
 Linguam verba proferentem ;
 Dæmonem quando jussisti
 Tu devictum expulisti
 Sedibus ex usurpatis,
 Tibi soli vindicatis ;
 Tuam fac nos, Jesu care,

That, copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

Amen.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.



Caritatem imitare ;
Veniam a Te discat dare
Frater fratri et amare ;
Donec Tuam hîc mirantes
Gratiam et æmulantes,
Tuam gloriam cernemus
Cum ex pulvere surgemus.
Amen.



“ Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried
our sorrows.”

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the fullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

“ Verè languores nostros Ipse tulit, et dolores nostros
Ipse portavit.”



RISTES, orbos, lacrymantes,
Spes abreptas deplorantes,
Audi, Jesu, nos orantes,
Nate Mariâ Virgine !

Nostram carnem induisti,
Ægritudines novisti,
Homo lacrymas fudisti,
Nate Mariâ Virgine !

Quando funus conclamatur,
Anima cum perturbatur,
Coram Te dum evocatur,
Exaudi, Nate Virgine !

Caput moriens flexisti,
Spiritus Tu reddidisti,
In sepulcro quieviisti,
Nate Mariâ Virgine !

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

DEAN MILMAN.



Cum mens pavet contristata
Per innumera peccata,
Audi Tu, intemeratâ
Nate Mariâ Virgine !

Ignominiam tulisti,
Pœnas innocens dedisti,
Qui tot pro me meruisti,
Exaudi, Nate Virgine !



“ Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the
deep swallow me up.”



OD of my life, to Thee I call ;
Afflicted at Thy Feet I fall ;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the wretched and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain
That none shall seek Thy Face in vain ?

“ Non me demergat tempestas aquæ, neque abforbeat
me profundum.”

VITÆ Fons, æterne Deus,
Ad Te clamo, tristis, reus,
Ne ærumnis me vexatum
Voraginibus quassatum
Ne me finas obrui.

Tu es Parens orbatorum,
Tu Amicus abjectorum,
Miseris fas est pulsare
Portam Tuam et intrare,
Ad Te supplex fugio.

Quis mœroribus gravatus,
Inimicis agitatus,
Frustrà petiit levamen?
Nonne scriptum est solamen,
“ Neminem rejicio?”

Hard were the ills of life to bear,
Didst not Thou hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.



Mala essent vix ferenda,
Vita ægre sustinenda,
Tu nî preces exaudiris,
Nî propitius adiris
Nobis supplicantibus !

Vilis etsi sim, egenus,
O Tu caritatis plenus
Ne mei obliviscare ;
Christe, mundi Salutare,
Suscipe ac salva me !



THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.




LORD, turn not Thy face away
From him who lies prostrate,
Lamenting fore his sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate ;

Which Thou dost open wide to those
Who do lament their sin :
O, shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

Call me not to ■ strict account,
How I have lived here ;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

LAMENTUM PECCATORIS.

E condas, Deus, Faciem
 Nobis genuflectentibus,
 Multam vitæ colluviem
 Pro portâ Tuâ flentibus!

Porta Tuæ clementiæ
 Patefcit pœnitentibus;
 Ne nos excludas, Domine,
 Da aditum petentibus.

Nec rationem postula
 Ætatis jam præteritæ,
 Cum fit mens nimis conscia
 Vitæ deperditiffimæ!

Ad Te, Deus, confugio,
 Abundas Tu clementiâ,
 Ignosce mihi misero,
 Da ægro medicamina!

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum ;
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
 Lord, let Thy mercy come !

STERNHOLD.



Hoc unum rogo præmium,
Hanc supplex posco gratiam,
Favoris hoc indicium,
O da misericordiam !



“Thy will be done.”

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough
way,

O, teach me from my heart to say,—

“Thy will be done!”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;—

“Thy will be done!”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,—

“Thy will be done!”

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,—

“Thy will be done!”

“ Fiat voluntas Tua.”



PROCVL patriâ vagantem
Vitæ dumos permeantem
Audi, Pater, me orantem—

“ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”

Quicquid jubes abdicare
Nolim meum nuncupare,
Tuum discam Tibi dare,—
“ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”

Si amicus auferetur
Quo non carior habetur,
Brevi Te mecum fruetur ;
“ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”

Quando morbus pedetentim
Obrepat me tabescentem,
Vocem accipe languentem,—
“ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”

But if my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;—
“Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
“Thy will be done!”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
“Thy will be done!”

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



At si animæ reſectæ
 Affles, Spiritus dilecte,
 Sat eſt ; agis cuncta rectè ;
 “ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”

Quin meam redintegrare
 Voluntatem Tu dignare,
 Lubens ut poſſim orare—
 “ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”

Tandem ſolitus non rarè
 Preces fletu ſociare,
 In cœlis lætar cantare—
 “ Fiat Voluntas Tua ! ”



“ Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned.”

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray !

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears !

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore !

By Thy might of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego !

“ Converte me, et convertar.”

MISERICORDIÆ hâc die, Domine,
 Donec prætereat cœcâ caligine,
 Genuflectentibus, O Deus, annue !

Quin nobis lacrymas, O Jesu, da, pie,
 Cordaque trepidâ imple formidine,
 Donec judicium instet terribile !

Tuis da Spiritum, Domine, famulis,
 Ad Tuam Januam pronis, humillimis,
 Donec obstruitur claustris perpetuis !

Per noctem mediis actam angoribus,
 Ultimis editam precem singultibus,
 Vitam pro miseris datam hominibus,

Per Tuam fletuum amaritudinem
 Ob Hierusalem Tui immemorem,
 Oro, ne populum deferas inopem !

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Left we lose the day of grace,
Left we never see Thy Face !

I. WILLIAMS.



Nos super libeat pennas extendere,
Ne diem gratiæ nos finas perdere,
At Tuam Faciem liceat cernere !



PSALM XC.



GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of Thy Throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same !

A thousand ages in Thy fight
 As like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

PSALMUS XC.



TUTELA proavorum
 Nostrum, O spes unica,
 Portus præsens naufragorum,
 Errabundis patria ;

Tuo Throno obumbrati
 Sunt potiti requie,
 Tuo satis conservati
 Sancti sunt munimine !

Priusquam montes creâsti,
 Ante mundum conditum
 Deus jugis perdurâsti
 Idem in perpetuum.

Æva millia Te coram
 Velut vesper fugiunt ;
 Orientem ceu auroram
 Breves horæ præeunt.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home !

WATTS.




Obruit nos tempus rapax
Amnis ut volubilis,
Solis somnium ceu fugax
Evanescit radiis.

O Tutela proavorum,
O spes nostra unica,
Sis præsidium Tuorum,
Sis æterna patria !



“ Into Thine Hand I commend my spirit.”

N the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

And when the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

“ In Manus Tuas commendo spiritum meum.”

MIHI misero, gementi,
Tentatorem metuenti,
Ac peccata confitenti,
Adsis, Alme Spiritus !

Intra thalamum cubanti,
Contristato, ægrotanti,
Inquieto, dubitanti,
Adsis, Alme Spiritus !

Quando domi lacrymatur,
Extra sopor dominatur,
A me tantùm vigilatur,
Adsis, Alme Spiritus !

Quando poscor moriturus,
Et accingor, væ impurus,
Furiis disceptaturus,
Adsis, Alme Spiritus !

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
 And I nod to what is said,
 'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursueth
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

HERRICK.



Cum sacerdos supplicavit,
 Caput meum annutavit,
 Quia vox fari negavit,
 Adfis, Alme Spiritus !

Satanas cum criminatur,
 Vitæ fordes attestatur,
 Pœnas reo minitatur,
 Adfis, Alme Spiritus !

Quando Judex confedebit
 Et secreta recensabit,
 In Te anima hærebit :
 Adfis, Alme Spiritus !



“ My meditation of Him shall be sweet.”

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to soar away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of His love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that His blood
 My debt of sufferings paid.

“Jucundum fit Ei eloquium meum.”

MORBO cum debilitatum
 Ruit hoc tugurium ;
 Suave carnis contemplatum
 Vinculis effugium.

Suave intus consolantis
 Christi est alloquium ;
 Suave ante Thronum Stantis
 Propitiatorium.

Olim Deum me vocâsse
 Suavis est memoria ;
 Mihi cœlos referâsse
 Suavis est fiducia.

Suave Jesum contemplari
 Mei reum sceleris,
 Suave pœnis liberari
 Dono Ejus sanguinis.

Sweet in His righteousness to trust,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on His covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust His firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in His Hand,
 And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels shall hover round my head,
 And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprison'd soul
 See Jesus, and adore ;
 Be with His likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.*

* Another well-known hymn of Toplady—"Rock of

Suave mortem effugisse
 Ejus ob justitiam ;
 Suave indies sensisse
 Inspirantem gratiam.

Illi suave credidisse
 Cujus jugis caritas ;
 Suave mihi spondidisse
 Superûm delicias.

Suave mala tolerare
 Ille si statuerit ;
 Res optatas recusare
 Ille si vetuerit.

Mortis horâ requiei
 Suavis expectatio ;
 Suavis angelorum Dei
 Circumstantum visio.

Jesum, tandem liberatus
 Adorans aspiciam ;
 Lacrymas, assimilatus
 Ei, tandem nesciam.

Ages, cleft for me,"—has already been translated by
 the master-hand of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

“ I know not the day of my death.”



THOU inevitable day

When a voice to me shall say,

“ Thou must rise and come away ;

“ All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast,
For thy longest and thy last.”

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, “ Light and life are o’er ?”

“ Ignoro diem mortis meæ.”



IES, dies non vitanda,
Quando vox inexoranda
Jussa dabit formidanda,

“ Surge, nunc est discedendum,
Iter nunquam repetendum,
Accinge te ad faciendum.”

Dies nobis occultata,
Caliginibus celata,
Dies prorsus ignorata,

Procul abes tu, adestve?
Nubes discutis, augeſve?
Metus comitatur, ſpeſve?

Aderis inopinata
Donec, januaſ pulſatâ,
Dices, “ En lux terminata?”

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap; round my bed
Prayer be made and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting, it must grieve?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before,
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Lentior seu propinquabis,
 Prorogatam horam dabis,
 Priusquam me postulabis ?

Sinum, quando emigrabo,
 In dilectum reclinabo,
 Preces non defiderabo ?

Longe seu meis divisus,
 Male exteris confusus,
 Dabo spiritum occifus ?

Quænam erint relinquenda ?
 Amicitia deflenda,
 Corda cordi non delenda ?

Socii seu cariores
 Præibunt solutiores
 Ad sedes beatiores ?

Dabitur mî obdormire,
 Mortem leniter obire,
 Lethen placidè haurire ?

Or the foul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain ?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow ;

Come thou must, and we must die,—
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye !

DEAN TRENCH.



Animæ seu est luctandum,
Diu frustra laborandum,
Vinclis ægrè evolandum ?

Quando, quomodo, vel unde,
Mihi parum est, jucundè
Sive venis iracundè ;

Veni, omnes moriemur ;
A Te, Jesu, visitemur,
Quando morte componemur.



RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.



OUR SAVIOUR of the faithful dead !

With Whom Thy servants
dwell,

Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell ;—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which Thou hast trod before !

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedew'd my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head !

AB ÆGRITUDINE RECREATIO.



O SALVATOR mortuorum,
Te inveniunt piorum
Animæ profugium ;

Dum occultat angustorum
Cespes mollis tumulorum
Humile tugurium !

Non mortalia captantes
Amplius, nec dubitantes
Animis labentibus,
Viam illam non vitamus,
Non calcare recusamus,
Tuis tritam pedibus.

Ægrè tuli migraturus,
Sociis valedicturus
Circum lectum stantibus ;
Sudor fronte dum manabat,
Caput angor cruciabat,
Pie consolantibus.

As fading from my dizzy view,
I fought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

'Twas dreadful when th' accuser's power
Affail'd my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

But Jesus ! in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darken'd soul !

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,

Frustra dilectos conatus
Socios debilitatus
 Oculis discernere,
Novi mors quam sit amara,
Novi vita quam sit cara,
 Mallem non discedere.

In extremis accusator
Mea protulit delator
 Minitans facinora ;
Longam seriem horarum
Vanitate perditarum,
 Læsaque officia.

At me, Jesu, desperatum,
Confligendo fatigatum,
 Sublevâsti gratiâ ;
Horror, Te illuminante,
Cessit, sole ceu minante
 Profugantur nubila.

Vox deficiens filebit,
Preces dare non valebit
 Serius vel ocyus ;

Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way !

When clothed in fleshly weeds again
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world ! bethink thee then
That Thou hast died for me !

BP. HEBER.



Mortis vallem me intrantem
O tutare per nigrantem
Semitam propitius.

Anima cum redinduta
Carne, tremens, destituta,
Exspectat judicium ;
Judex mundi, recordare
Te fecisse salutare
Pro me sacrificium !



ALL SAINTS' DAY.

FOR all Thy Saints, O Lord,
 Who strove in Thee to live,
 Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, adored,
 Our grateful hymns receive.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Thee their great reward,
 And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
 With Thee, their Lord, in view,
 Learn'd from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,
 And humbly beg that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in Thee!

BP. MANT.

DIE OMNIUM SANCTORUM.


PRO sanctis Tuis omnibus
 Pro Te enixis vivere,
 Te sequi, honorare Te,
 O Deus, hymnos psallimus.

Pro sanctis Tuis omnibus
 Ne dedignare gratias,
 Qui Tuis freti præmiis
 Pro Te dederunt animas.

Vivi seu letho proximi,
 Respicientes Dominum,
 Hi didicerunt perpeti,
 Per Sanctum Tuum Spiritum.

Ergo Te benedicimus,
 Et supplices Te quæsumus,
 Hos pietate prosequi
 Da nobis, et in Te mori !

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

 HE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar !
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears His cross below,
 He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw His Master in the sky,
 And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them who did the wrong !
 Who follows in His train ?

DIE SANCTI STEPHANI.



DEI Filius gessurus
 Bellum proficiscitur ;
 Longe rutilant vexilla,
 Ecquis Eum sequitur ?

Qui tristitias constanter
 Doloremque patitur ;
 Crucem ferens patienter
 Ille Christum sequitur.

Princeps martyr is incedit .
 Qui cœlos intuitus,
 Vidit Dominum astantem,
 In die interitûs.

Veniam dat, sicut Ille,
 Hostibus, dum moritur ;
 Supplicat pro inimicis ;
 Ecquis eum sequitur ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant faints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel ;
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain,
Oh God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

BP. HEBER.

Pauci, manus gloriosa,
Quos elegit Spiritus,
Sancti fortes duodeni,
Spretis cruciatibus.

His non leo formidatur,
Ensis nudus spernitur ;
Læti mortem obierunt ;
Ecquis eos sequitur ?

Virûm, matrum, puellarum,
Nobilis exercitus,
Circum Thronum Salvatoris,
Candidatis vestibus.

Per perîcla, per labores,
Scanferunt ad ardua ;
Nobis da illorum, Deus,
Affequi vestigia !

BAPTISM.



N token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the Cross upon thee here,
 And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in His Name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
 Christ's conflict to maintain,
 But 'neath His banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travell'd by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit with Him on high ;

BAPTISMUS.

PRO signo non defuturum
 Christo pro te mortuo,
 Ejus jugum sublaturum,
 Te nunc Cruce dedico.

Pro signo quòd tu manebis
 Fidus Christi famulus,
 Fronti impressum habebis
 Crucis decus, dedecus.

Pro signo non vitaturum
 Christi te certamina,
 Sed vexilla defensorum
 Ejus prodientia ;

Pro signo hâc te iturum
 Per quam ibat Dominus,
 Crucis probrum te gessurum
 Contemnentem dedecus ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His crown!

DEAN ALFORD.



Sic extrinsecus signatum

Dicat te Ecclesia ;

Caput cruce nunc notatum,

Posthàc cingat gloria !



CONFIRMATION.

LORD, shall Thy children come to
Thee ?

A boon of love divine we seek ;
Brought to Thine Arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongue could speak ;
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again ?
Oft as we see Thy Table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The Wine pour'd out, the broken Bread ;
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come, and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come ? not thus alone
At holy times, or solemn rite,
But every hour, till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,

CONFIRMATIO.

IBI Tui liberi, Deus, propinquamus,
 Caritatis munera plena postulamus ;
 Tua jam ad Brachia parvuli oblati,
 Oribus infantibus nulla vota fati,
 Adfunt Tui liberi gratiam rogantes,
 Te sibi propitium hodie sperantes.

Domine, Te iterum humiles adimus,
 Quando Tuas Epulas stratas invenimus,
 Tuorumque cernimus pignora dolorum,
 Poculum Dominicum, Panem Angelorum ;
 Benedic, O Domine, votis cum astamus,
 Te præsentem supplices hîc reperiamus.

Nec sic tantum, Domine, Tibi propinquamus,
 Cum Te festo tempore rite adoramus,
 At vitalis spiritus donec subducatur,
 Sive gaudet anima, sive contristatur,

Come to Thy Throne of grace, that we,
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

Lord, shall we come, come yet again ?
Thy children ask one blessing more ;
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life and death and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee !

BISHOP HINDS.



Almum Tuum Solium fac aggrediamur,
Caritate, Fide, Spe, constabliamur !

Rurfus Tibi, Domine, Tui propinquamus,
Semel beneficium ultimum rogamus ;
Quando vivos, mortuos, vocat Dies illa
Quæ repente sæculum solvet in favillâ,
In cœlos tunc aditus nobis referetur,
Ibi confirmatio sempiterna detur !



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

MY God, and is Thy Table spread,
 And doth Thy Cup with love
 o'erflow?

Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
 Communion of His Flesh and Blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

O, let Thy Table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
 May every soul salvation see,
 Who here its sacred pledges tastes!

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord!
 And bid our drooping graces live;
 And more, that energy afford,
 A Saviour's Blood alone can give!

DODDRIDGE.

CÆNA DOMINI.

ERGO paratur Cæna pro nobis Tua,
 Astantque plena caritatis Pocula?
 Huc congregetur læta grex fidelium,
 Tuâ benignitate dona perfrui.

O Cæna, salve! mysticis edulium!
 Carnem dat Ipse Christus, atque Sanguinem!
 O ter beatus ille qui depascitur
 Merum sacratum, cœlicumque Pabulum!

Altare cernuorum cœtus ad Tuum
 Tantam propinquet veneraturus Hostiam!
 Hîc spes salutis detur appetentibus
 Quicumque sacro nutriantur ferculo!

O suscita Tu desides ecclesias,
 Afflaque nobis largiorem gratiam;
 Vitale dona robur ægrotantibus
 Quod Ille Panis efficit Salutifer!

“Glory to God in the highest.”

Angels.




E holy angels bright,
 Who wait at God's Right Hand,
 Or through the realms of light
 Fly at your Lord's command,
 Assist our song,
 For else the theme
 Too high doth seem
 For mortal tongue.

Souls at rest.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
 Who ran this earthly race,
 And now, from sin released,
 Behold the Saviour's Face,
 God's praises found,
 As in His fight,
 With sweet delight,
 Ye do abound.

“ Gloria in altissimis Deo.”

Angeli.

 ANCTI Angeli micantes
Ante Dei Thronum stantes,
Ejus jussu properantes

Currere per æthera ;
Laudes fertis aptiores
Quam nos rei peccatores,
Adjuvate digniores
Nostra pia carmina !

Animæ.

Animæ mundo solutæ
Sordibus quæ jam exutæ
Discriminibusque tutæ
Dominum conspicitis ;
Coram Deum lætiores
Laudes abundantiores
Canite, quas segniores
Æmulamur exsules !

Saints.

Ye faints who toil below,
 Adore your Heavenly King,
 And onward as ye go
 Some joyful anthem sing ;
 Take what He gives,
 And praise Him still,
 Through good or ill,
 Who ever lives !

My Soul.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
 Triumph in God above,
 And with a well-tuned heart
 Sing thou the songs of love !
 Let all thy days,
 Till life shall end,
 Whate'er He send,
 Be fill'd with praise !

R. BAXTER.



Sancti.

Sancti adhuc dimicantes,
 Acri prælio fudantes,
 Creatorem adorantes,
 Cantus vos attollite ;
 Quod dat, optimum habete,
 Si quid angat, sustinete,
 Fidi semper permanete,
 Omne pati discite.

Anima mea.

Tuque simul triumphare,
 Coram Deum exsultare,
 Hilaris tripudiare,
 Mea discas anima ;
 Quicquid Ille fortiatur,
 Vita, donec vita datur,
 Laudibus adimpleatur
 Indefectis Domini !



“ To live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
 To serve Thee all the day ;
 If short, then why should I be sad ?
 Since both have the same pay.

Christ leads us through no darker rooms
 Than He hath trod before ;
 Whoever to His kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed Face to see ;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?

“ Vivere Christus est, et mori lucrum.”



ON mihi cura, Domine,
Aut vita, aut mors subita,
Amare, venerare Te
Dum possim Tuâ gratiâ.

Juvabit me, si vixero,
Tamdiu coluisse Te ;
Mercedem, si decessero,
Juvabit attigisse me.

Christus per loca dirigit
Suis sacrata pedibus ;
Quicumque Regnum attigit
His ibat itineribus.

Beatam præbe Faciem,
Cum me paravit gratia,
Hic labor dat dulcedinem,
Quid dabit illic gloria ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

Our knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
It is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him !

*Popularly assigned to R. BAXTER ; but not
included in his collected works.*



Peccati tum excutiam
Fessus sollicitudines,
Ac cœlitum aspiciam
Intemeratos ordines.

In cœlis parum stolidus
Intelligo quid agitur ;
Sat mihi quòd scit Dominus,
Quem coram stare dabitur !



“ The Lord your God hath given you this land
to possess it.”



HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where faints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

“ Dominus Deus vester dat vobis terram hanc
in hereditatem.”

EST ubi tandem requie ac perenni
Pace felices animæ fruuntur,
Lux ubi cæcas abigit tenebras,
Gaudia luctum.

Ver ibi ridens sine fine regnat,
Prata dant vivos sine fine flores ;
Hæc loca angusto prohibemur amni
Mortis adire.

Arva trans fluctus tumidos amœna
Cespitem æterno viridant amicta ;
Sic Palæstinam fluvius vetabat
Visere patres.

Stamus angustas fluvii per undas
Ire mortales pavidum timentes ;
Et diu plantas dubitamus isto
Tingere fluctu !

O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

WATTS.




Vellem ego curis animæ fugatis,
Mente terroris dubii solutâ,
Non obumbratis oculis amatas
Cernere fedes !

Si procul valles specularer illas,
Monte feu Moses moriturus olim,
Non ego mortis gelidum timerem
Flumen obire !





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FINIS.


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